



# HIGH LIGHTS



November - 44

*offered James D. Dwyer*

SIERRA MADRE ARTS GUILD



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## HIGH LIGHTS

NOVEMBER 1944

Volume 5 Number 9

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### ILLUSTRATIONS

These lithographs, the cover drawing and those of the advertisements, are the work of Alfred J. Dewey. The lettering was done by Elmer M. Weese. The printing of the covers is the work of George Morgridge, done at the Burns Printing Company of Pasadena, California.

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HIGH LIGHTS, from the foothills; issued monthly by Sierra Madre Arts Guild at the Old Brick Oven, 28 Windsor Lane, in Sierra Madre, California.



## CAMPAIGN SPEECH

Helen Ferguson Caukin

While sketching for them large economies  
 And gifts well-outlined in the future tense,  
 He measures off at accurate degrees  
 Dimension lines of his constituents.  
 These lines he fingers now as sensitive strings.  
 He having keyed them on the sounding-board  
 Subtly contrived of his own purposings  
 To sway his audience into nice accord.  
 The bow, the scrape ... vox tremulo (he starts) ...  
Basso profundo ... the staccato anecdote ...  
 The pause ... the trained astuteness that imparts  
 High drama on a keen climactic note ...  
 With skillful playing on the votes, he  
 Avoids snapping their taut credulity.

(Script)

## AFTERWINDS

Now that the storm begins to show sign of abating, the over anxious ones, everywhere full of fearful questions, are venturing timidly forth from the cyclone cellars to whisper one to another, "Brother, which way does the wind blow now? For we have seen the trees threshing wildly about, but they bend now to one way and now to another as though the wind might be not of one end of the compass but of many." But, that it may be known to these anxious ones that there is none more enlightened than themselves, they who are questioned remain standing perfectly dumb as though they might be not of many minds but of none. Since there are no answers to be gleaned here, all of them run, questioner and questioned alike, to poke up the fires to see in which direction the smoke may rise. But, in this gyrating atmosphere, it is not a finger of wavering smoke that they will raise, but a pall, until the sun that was about to break through the clouds is again obscured, until the last vestige of our sense of direction is blotted out under a blanket of smog.

Thought is required! Is this any time to be raking



the embers into flame, with the whirlwind still howling a gale? To be sure, the eye of the hurricane appears to have passed, taking the roof along with it; but these afterwinds - are they not a hurricane enough in themselves? The roof is gone, but much of the walls are still standing and not all the windows have been bashed away. Should we run now to spread out the fires that will surely consume these walls because the foolish are saying that we ought to rebuild the house anew again from scratch? But the wise man shores up his framework and saves whatever he can.

In these days throughout the land, as the storm recedes, there will be many leaders of evil counsel emerging into the open from their hiding places who will speak confidently into your ear to advise you quietly of the near approach of fearful things. And they will say to you: "Let us move this object out of the path, and let us set that one aside. And if they cannot be removed, then let them be destroyed; let them be utterly destroyed that the New Order may go forward rapidly here." By night at first they will steal abroad in disguise and under cover, from place unto place, from concealment to obscure covert through cloaking shadow, to set neighbor against neighbor and house against house; until, grown bolder, they walk about by day, exclaiming loudly, "Brother, is this my work? But, no, it is not my work, but yours."

Take heed that you pay no heed to them, for of themselves they can do nothing; without your help they are helpless and, without your aid, there is not a one of those dire matters that they may prophesy that can ever come to pass. It is not the rouser of the mob, in the last analysis, that reduces the cosmos to chaos, but the gullible multitude that, once stirred to an insane fury, beyond reason and beyond control, vents its madness in destruction upon the innocent and upon the guilty alike.

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#### GLEANINGS

Now the leaves fall and scatter from the trees and are set adrift down the wind, for the autumn that was the afterthought of summer is now the forethought of winter throughout the land.

When the autumn has come, when the nights slowly lengthen over the shortening days unto mornings revealing

silver frost in the shaded hollows, we know then that the winter, too, is coming and that the summer is gone. From time to time, nevertheless, there will yet be warm noondays to remind us of summer when the grass, still green underfoot, belies the yellowing leaves; there will yet be mild, clear mornings to remind us of spring when the off-season flowers open palely for an hour and the migrating birds linger to sing their last before they take to flight.

There was an abundance for all when the summer was here and, when the spring was with us, there was no lack; but now those treasures grow few and rare. Should we not take up the last gleanings that are left before they are lost, to keep and to hoard them carefully against the winter? They will surely be rarer and fewer as the nights grow long.

The autumn comes to us with the kiss of winter upon her lips, but she still wears some of the livery of the summer and still bears some of the jewels of the faded spring. While we yet have the time, let us store up these jewels and lay by this raiment for future use. This is the season of harvest when all that is of value is to be gathered into storehouse and loft. One by one, where the reapers have passed, we shall glean all that remain of the fulfillments of distant July and August, all that remain of the promises of remoter May and June. We shall remember, too, to gather up every remnant of dream and of hope that has fallen to us from far-off April and from farther March. There will be many priceless things to be gathered from the corners and nooks: there will be the voices of friends, the tang of adventures, the quiet hand clasp of experiences to be found in the whispers of dawns, in the shouts of golden noons, and in the silences of silver dusks.

Can we forget any of these? They came to us once in the flesh; now they return to us in spirit to be treasured, to shine like stars in the indigo skies. These, a thousandfold, from these and from other days, we shall lay by within the close of memory to bring them forth and to enjoy their use in the long winter nights when the snows are adrift down the highways of summer and are deep over the pathways of the spring.

Now our days fall and scatter from about us and are set adrift down the years, for that youth that was the forethought of childhood is now but the afterthought of age.

L.B.W.

## GUILD MEETINGS

On the evening of November 3, at the usual place, the next meeting of the Guild is to be held, when Mr. Roscoe A. Goodcell from the Speakers' Bureau of the Automobile Club of Southern California, will speak upon "Tales and Tunes from Old China," to be followed by a more serious talk about that war-torn land.

"In the talk, 'Tales and Tunes,' " says Mr. Goodcell, "I use my flute in giving a Confucian ode, a Buddhist chant, and one of the popular songs of some years ago. I may be able to add the Chinese national anthem, 'San Min Chu I.' The 'Tales' include stories respecting Confucius and Confucian ceremonies, Taoism with Chinese ghost story, the coming of Buddhism to China and Buddhistic worship, the wedding in former days, a few short Chinese poems from long ago, and a story illustrative of Chinese belief in Heaven. The purpose is to give a glimpse into Chinese thought and culture.

"To add a touch of 'local color' I will plan to bring with me a gold thread tapestry from the Imperial Library of old Peking, bronzes that remind us of Confucius, Buddha and Lao Tsze, the little brass incense burner from the Ming Dynasty and some Chinese incense, our silver wedding cups and a tear bottle. These little things I group into a 'tiny shrine.'"

Mr. Goodcell is a native son of California. San Bernardino claims him as her own. A graduate of the University of California, he spent over four years in Shanghai as vice-principal and principal of the Shanghai Public Schools and six years in Tsinan in the English and History department of the Imperial Provincial College of Shantung. He has been an educator for eighteen years and, for three years, an attorney. During World War I, as a captain, he was for two years with the U.S. Army. For twenty years he has been with the Automobile Club of Southern California as their representative of the Review Department and the Speakers' Bureau.

At the October meeting, Mr. Oscar Van Leer, once of Amsterdam, Holland, now happily of Sierra Madre, gave a very graphic word picture of his native land, its everyday life, science and art, and described some of the terrors of the German invasion and its effects upon the population.

Mr. Van Leer is now engaged in Pasadena in producing scientific optical and navigational instruments for the U.S. Navy.



horace

the guild mouse

U no that thare is times when everybody has to relax and un lax and sit by hisself and think.

take frinstince this studio ware rachel and me are living in the oven. we work awl nite gettin krums fer the yung wons and early next day alf opens up and the hubbub begins. peepul kum, hippiler kums to bring sum joelerie to put on abdull de bull bull de meer and ivan scavinski skav-iar. thank hevins that muriel is finished not another place on it to hang anything onto it. the hubbub lasts awl day and me and rachel gets so upset that we r both getting awl run down as rachel is getting for to look like a old bag of and i am getting kinks into mu nee just frum lack of sleep. so when alf goes home we rachel and me kum out of the dutsh oven and sit onto the tabel to watsh the peepul go by threw the veneeshian blinds as it relaxes and un laxes us and does give us sumthing to think about.

thares a old man with 2 white kains and a shopping bag what goes by hear every day. hes ninety years old and he walks spry as anything with his white chin whiskers bobbin in the wind up and down. so think that over like i dun. a girl with a flaming red hare dashes akrost the half open blinds and a fat womin with 2 bags of groceries hobbles along. then kums a little brown dog followed by old john and its johns dog and he barks every noon when the silly whissel bloz as who wudnt. we rachel and me dont blame him kaws we want 2 bark 2 but awl we kan do is 2 squeeak, and lots of times we kant efen dew that till we gits ouer wits back after that rawkus whissel has skared us ofen the tabel. we rachel and me sumtimes wunders just why is that whissel any ways. sum peepul say as how its bekaws sum folks in ouer town kant read a klok yet and wudnt no if they wuz hungry and it wuz time to eat thare lunsh without it. we got rid o ouer old flagpole wonst kaws it wuz hicky but we aint whissel konshius yet. a boy pumps his bicikel past and a boy on a hors throws the evening paper onto the naybors, truks and kars roar past 2 and a womin with a blond hared baby in a kart dodges them kars. the sun drops behind old niks place leaving it dark aginst the dyeing sun. old nik kums out and loks the door and he is sillikated aginst the sun as he up and walks down the allie. so we krawls back to ouer nest in the oven to git a few winks before we got 2 go hustling for krums. we rachel and me feels relaxed and un laxed.

so U see efen a cuppil of mouses has a hard life.

## ACROSS THE WORLD

Lt. Alfred James Dewey, Jr.

We cleared Long Beach for Amarillo on schedule. Our final stop is 20,000 miles away. The crew seems to be a good bunch, very able, having made this same trip before. They know the things to take and what extra. Having now to leave you all is more than I can say, but of course we knew it was to be. I am determined to see it through and to come back, I hope, in one piece.

Of my crew, Flight Officer Paul Hill is an excellent pilot, calm and easy going but very sharp. He is tall and good looking and the ladies don't mind him at all. Then Master Sergeant Worth is very efficient, is pleasant and is definitely an asset. Last, but not least, is Staff Sergeant Jimmie Mays, a boy from Louisville, Georgia, a man of the world. He is about 23, and an excellent radio man. His trip with me will be his tenth in this direction, besides many the other way.

Down by way of Florida and the Caribbean, we came into the bulge of Brazil. Here we saw a small U.S.O. show that night. The people worked very hard and were especially appreciated by the men who have been away a long time. That night was a very pleasant one, moonlight and clear. The Southern Cross, that much written-about constellation, was high in the heavens, a very moving and beautiful sight. As we crossed the Amazon, we flew over endless miles of jungle that was like a vast green carpet. No words can describe this great mass of solid trees. Everything in Brazil was so very interesting, and Hill and I asked endless questions in our very best Portuguese. We found that old Texas phrase of greeting (Howdee, howdee, howdee, little old dark fella) to bring on most animation and chattering among the natives. Hill and I had a long talk with a cute girl in the P.X. She was half Chinese, half Portuguese, which combination with an education in an English school left her with the most alluring and fantastic kind of speech you ever heard. She lived with a Dutch family after her people died.

Off for Ascension Island with an early start. At least, it was daylight. Several of our former hops were at night, on instruments. To fly by day was a most welcome relief to us. Over the endless sea, we have great respect and admiration for the boys and girls who make these well-known engines. Out in the great silent spaces over the Atlantic, we listened to encouraging news from all the fronts. Sadly, encouraging news for us is usually at the expense of other people who have no more stomach for this thing than the

rest of us.

On Ascension, Hill and I went fishing and indulged in a sort of swimming. The latter is forbidden in the ocean so we floated about in rocky pools left by the high tide. Here we caught strange looking fish that have human-like teeth. To drop a baited or an unbaited line in the water, brought much excitement and confusion. Having no use for these queer things, we threw them back and, no doubt, took them on our lines again and again.

Again on the ship and we came in over old "darkest Africa." From the air, I would call it green. The ship and motors behaved themselves as usual, and we all lost that natural tension that we had acquired during the past few days. I gave a native of this country my good old shoes. In spite of the fact that he had the most wonderful No. 10 natural soles, he crammed my No. 7's onto his feet with glee. Some of these Africans are so mercenary. Of course, it has come about since associating with Americans. One guy who shined my boots demanded a shilling (20¢), and was most disturbed when I gave him 15 cents. He was not supposed to get anything (British policy). These native villages are interesting, but my sensitive nose still rebels. We all had a good time, however, poking our noses into most everything and asking just as many questions as possible. Here we went sightseeing for the first time off the post. All five of us hired a car and passed right out through the gates, feeling like released prisoners. We walked through those ancient places well-known to Bible readers and had a swim in that sea in which the Jews were fortunate enough to find the waters conveniently parted in the nick of time. The people there are living today exactly in the same way that their ancestors did thousands of years ago. To our super sanitary world, it is unbelievable. Our houseboy, who is fourteen, gave us the lowdown on the marriage situation there. A good wife can be had for a thousand rupees and comes supplied with a good dowry. Our friend, however, had two mediocre wives with cost to him of 600 rupees, or \$180. Another boy of eleven had two of these cheaper wives and seemed to be quite happy. Our little buying sprees were always accompanied by much bickering with at least six merchants and an inevitable middleman. At the pools in which the Queen of Sheba once bathed, many small boys gather to beg cigarettes and gum, and dive off the walls for a collection which usually amounts to 15 cents.

Another take-off, and at length we reached Karachi in India, half way round the world from home. Here, for a while, we spent our time in tents, hoping that the water



would rise no higher, since it had already well covered the raised floors and was making fair progress up to the beds. The rain there was warm, however, which eliminated much of the discomfort and some of the possibility of getting sick. As a matter of fact, the water finally did rise and we had to wade waist-deep to higher ground where a truck took us to a safer and cleaner place. All my stuff was saved even though my brief case did sink. One day we rented a bike and sweated about the town, which was fun although the traffic situation there is bad, with cows lying in the street and thousands of people walking in all directions, to say nothing of driving on the left side of the road. We visited the park and the zoo and the Gandhi Gardens, and spent 3 annas an hour for the bike (6¢). Several of my shirts got rather ripe, so I let a native launder them by beating them on a rock. The method is very effective, since all the buttons came off and the shirts are now simply mangled into open air waistcoats. In one town we saw one complete household set up on the sidewalk near a large pool of stagnant and excretion-filled water which partially covered the street. All of the kids were having a grand time swimming about and ducking one another and splashing the water on a horse that was also enjoying its bath. This happy family had a small wood fire going, cooking dinner for several adults who were busy meanwhile picking lice out of each other's hair. This lice-picking is important and satisfying, and is entered into by several of the family sitting in rows bobsled fashion.

In India, it appears, all functions of family life are carried out on the spot, whether it be the sidewalk or some other location. There are a few choice spots for the family location, of course, such as accessibility to the garbage dump, a shade tree, nearness to water, polluted or not, for drinking and bathing, and other attractions that would scarcely attract you when considering house-hunting plans. Most fascinating of all the sights, is to see kids of two years or thereabouts sorting and resorting piles of garbage. If these people can survive their adolescent years they have no further worries. Of course, there are here all classes of the populace, from these very poorest to some of the richest people on earth, intermingled in this vast and teeming country.

Out of Karauchi at last, and our ship sailed over the Indian city of Agra where is located the Taj Mahal, one of the seven wonders that is a thrill to see, since we have heard of it so often during our school years. We hope to have the opportunity of visiting the place on the ground on our way home. This part of the country resembles the farm-

ing districts of Indiana and looks quite healthy and livable. The cities are typical, however, closely packed and no sanitation. These people, in their disposal of the dead, usually burn the adults near the river; the children, however, are generally thrown into the river where the turtles make short work of them.

Well, this is China. A place we visited the other day was so like California around Hemet in the springtime that the first serious dagger thrust of homesickness struck me. The air was like our spring and slightly sharp. It is difficult to believe that two places could be so similar and so lovely, yet so far apart. We saw thousands of people working on the runway. Some were placing stones by hand and others were breaking the stones for correct size to use to fill in. All of this type of work is hand done. Very seldom does one see a pick or shovel or anything resembling any of our tools. Labor is cheap here and hands are plentiful; so it is not uncommon to see many thousands working within an area the size of a football field.

Our home in the Tea Plantation is beginning now to cool off and is quite livable. The buildings are set under trees that are similar to the cottonwood, and are heavily screened and thatched. Most of the upper structure is of a bamboo construction that holds the roof which is about one foot thick. The frequent and heavy rains fail even to get the structure damp.

Around our little bungalow there are a large number of native women working in the tea fields. They are all of exactly the same size, about five feet. Most of them carry babies on their backs in a kind of sling. Their work consists of progressing slowly among the closely planted tea bushes, cutting off the top leaves with a long knife which they swing with great accuracy and vigor. Our bearer tells us that the men all work in town; but, of course, he means they sleep in the places called shops. All these many workers constantly chew betelnut, or some other red producing stuff, which makes them appear to be bleeding from the mouth. I understand one has to be a real man to chew this as it burns like fire and turns the teeth black. Most of the babies have huge sores on their heads, like acne, which they are constantly scratching. The older children seem to be rid of it, or perhaps they have never had it and so have survived.

Well, the big job starts soon now. I will try to do everything the best I can to get it over with early. It is said here that the American Army is the most homesick of any army to take the field. If this is so, it is a matter

of sanitation. The men long for a good whiff of clean grass and clean water. They long to see neat, clean women with white teeth and clean faces. Today starts my second month of foreign service since we left the U.S. It seems like one day instead of one month. Everyone says that time goes fast out here. I guess it is because we do not know what the day is, or the date, or anything.

We are now permitted to say that we are flying the Hump in cargo planes. I now have six trips to my credit, which is pretty good for the time I have been here. On a moonlight night, as was that of my last trip, high flight over this lonely spot is the world's most beautiful sight. I guess when work and duty extend into the remote, the dangerous and the difficult, the compensation is often one of rare beauty; at any rate, it is so out here. We fly through canyons of big clouds, thousands of feet deep, black clouds full of violence. Often we have to fly through them to keep on our course, and that is where luck rides along. Since the science of flying through thunderstorms is a science, one everyone strictly avoids if possible, luck is called for as well as skill. Passing through these clouds, it is a wild and weird sight to see the display of St. Elmo's fire as the ship takes on more and more electricity. The props look like giant Fourth of July pinwheels as the sparks make a huge circle in the night. No doubt many other parts of the ship are aglow, but we see only the propeller display and the long sparks leaping between the windshield wipers. In itself, this phenomenon is harmless; but it nearly always preludes a lightning strike upon the ship. We somewhat successfully can combat the terrific glow by turning up the cockpit light to full and looking down. Many lives might be saved in future, I feel sure, if there were curtains on the windshields that could be drawn quickly. We cannot see out anyway against the glow.

I hope I can give you a picture of China, at least of the parts we have visited. It is a source of constant delight and amazement to think that these same places were here during the wanderings of Marco Polo just as they are now. They haven't changed; they have even deteriorated so far as the use of tools and the advantages of civilization are concerned. It may be that the Chinese have found the answers to all the problems; it may be that they know for certain that the least we have the happier we are. These people make their way strictly from the land; they cultivate the necessary rice, corn and other things that I cannot identify. The fields are neat and extend often clear up to the tops of the mountains that are exactly like those of the Sierra Madres of home, both in height and appearance.



The roads are lined with trees simliar to the eucalyptus, and the numerous villages have trees plantes about them. Some of these people have small horses; others, the water buffalo, to help them, although the bulk of their vast labor is done by hand. Both men and women have equal tasks. All this is in a marked contrast to the Indian effort. Of course, the difference of country makes for difference in habits. India is mostly low jungle; consequently, heat and humidity there make the people less energetic, a failing that shows up in their homes and fields. The Indians, too, are quiet and shy as compared with the chattering and the laughing Chinese jitterbugs. There is some happiness in this land, though it is not of the kind we know. Here cows, goats and water buffaloes go walking along with birds on their backs.

Many of our trips are really wonderful. This time of year the monsoons are getting tired and the situation is generally getting better. Not so long ago we spent a week in Gaya, over in northeastern India. The country there is so much more lovely than in lowland India. There is no jungle. The country is rather like that around Phoenix, Arizona, like the Phoenix valley near the green hills. There are even little hills around like those north of the town. Gaya is very ancient, a place in India that one should visit in order to gain a fairly good impression. On our trips, we shuttle back and forth between India and China.

When here in China, we had a rare opportunity to get into a real Chinese city, not one catering to British or Americans. I hate to tell you this - but I spent \$12,000 for a few things for you there. The catch is to this that I spent very little American money. It is all explained by the Chinese currency inflation. We often see things on sale here at terrific prices: a pound of candy for \$50., a quart of Canadian Club for \$95., etc. Some idea of what could yet happen to us at home, may be seen in China today. I bought a tablecloth for \$5000. In this city we saw some rare and wonderful sights when we poked into shops and stores. There we saw natives grinding wheat by hand, weaving rugs, ginning cotton and making cloth, all by hand. Everyone seemed happy, industrious and well-fed. The streets were a sea of mud with thousands of people churning it up constantly in a happy-go-lucky style. Small crowds of grinning people stood around to watch us buy things. They knew we were being taken. Everyone was going or coming, carrying one another in wheelbarrows, rickshaws and litters. Everyone was on the move like a colony of ants. Some idea of the congestion may be reached if you imagine all the people of Sierra Madre to be crowded at one time into Roberts Market.



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